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forms of furnishings and of costume will be a kaleidoscopic wonder.

There will be no poor and no rich. Nevertheless there will be considerable range, lending color and contrast to life and some incentive even to economic energy, although no longer will that be one of the fields held in highest esteem. And children's laughter will resound through the city, not in the street, but in garden, pleasance, field and court, just where the children dwell; and the tragedy of the child, ill-fed, ill-clad and ill-trained shall be no more. Nor will there be any more beautiful sight in that city than to see the children come in happy dance



of graceful lines, singing sweet songs of loveliness and decked in brave attire, or even as of old when Sophokles, the loveliest boy in the fair city of the violet crown, led the choral dance, naked and unashamed, while he made music on his ivory lyre. For childhood is the yet unsullied beauty of the race, the infinite possibility of what is all unknown, the inspiration of our highest longing and our own successor when the hands fail and the of something nobler than we ourselves outlook grows dim—the future's hope have been or done, and here and now the dearest of all visions for the heart's delight.

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn

(To be continued)

THE SONG OF THE WEST WIND

I have come from the regions afar, little maid,
I have come from the blue, sunny sky,
I have breathed on the uttermost star, little maid;
There are few that are wiser than I!

I have magical songs on my lips, little girl,
I have wings that can carry me high;
I have drunk where the Pleasure-Stream slips, little girl,
There are few are more joyous than I!

And the kingdoms of Earth are all mine, little maid,
And they call me, wherever I fly,
From the rulers in garments that shine, little maid;
There are few that are richer than I!

I breathe on the flowers and they grow, little girl,
I sing to young birds e'er they fly:
I can foster, or crush at a blow, little girl;
There are few that are stronger than I!

But your face and your heart are so fair, little maid,
And your eyes they dance blithely and true:
I have come from the Every-where, little maid,
Just to loiter—to linger—with you!

Marie Welch

